Grief on Pause

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/52941373.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham's Father (mentioned)
Additional Tags:	Grief/Mourning, Witchcraft, witch!Will, Established Relationship, basically an emotional fridge cleanout, Past Character Death, Daddy Issues, Angst and Hurt/Comfort
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Witchy Bitchy
Stats:	Published: 2024-01-10 Words: 715 Chapters: 1/1

Grief on Pause

by OhDearieRozzie

Summary

Hannibal helps Will with his first big fridge clean out, uncovering a spell long forgotten. A little light angst and comfort ensue.

Notes

I have daddy issues and I'm a witch, therefore everyone should have daddy issues and be a witch <3

See the end of the work for more notes

"Alright Mr. Clean, sue me for not knowing that you're supposed to deep clean your fridge regularly!" Will led Hannibal into his small kitchen, wide smile overshadowing any real or joking exasperation in his voice. His necklaces rattled slightly as he walked, his wrapped red jasper necklace hitting his pentacle pendant lightly with each step. Hannibal had insisted on buying him the new stone when he learned its correspondence, the cheeky bastard. "I mean, what nasty shit could even grow in a freezer, it's fucking *freezing* in there."

"This is why I do the cooking in this relationship, love." Hannibal ran his hands down Will's sides as they approached the fridge. As moderately unhappy as he was knowing that Will hadn't cleaned his freezer in the five years he'd lived in his home, he was always thankful for the smells of his kitchen. It had many strong smells, but none that were overwhelming. Rosemary and dried oranges will always remind him of his love, after all. "Alright, my darling, let's take everything out."

Together, Will and Hannibal worked to remove every speck of food from the refrigerator. Will's counters became covered in towers of frozen tupperware, the occasional Lunchable, and a few stray carrots. Hannibal reached for the last container of frozen chili in the freezer when his fingers touched something thin, frozen to the wall. As carefully as his surgeon fingers allowed, he pried a small piece of paper out of the freezer, holding it out. It was just a little scrap, holding one word, scrawled out in a familiar chicken scratch; *Dad*.

"Will, I found this in the freezer. Is this yours?" Hannibal held the brittle paper out to Will, who turned from the littered counter at the sound of his name.

"Oh..." his voice was soft, almost a whisper. Will reached out to grab the paper, lightly rubbing it between his fingers, perishables forgotten. Head still tilted down, he lightly pushed past Hannibal, walking to his miniature altar on his fireplace mantle. It was mainly bare, save for a few candles, matchboxes, and lighters.

"Darling? Is everything alright?" Hannibal followed after his love, closing the doors of the refrigerator behind him. "What's that paper for?"

As he approached, Hannibal could see the tears flowing from Will's eyes, though he made no sounds. Hannibal put a hand out to caress his shoulder, holding firm when the other man leaned into his touch.

"This is a, um... This is a freezer spell I did a few years back. I heard that my dad was sick and I just..." Will began to shake, allowing himself to be pulled into Hannibal's arms fully. "I couldn't deal with it then? We never did figure out how to get back into that father-son groove after I started practicing and... I don't know."

Hannibal brought Will over to his bed, sitting him down on the edge. He stroked Will's back, helping him to focus on breathing.

"I thought if I could just detach for long enough then I'd be able to figure out how to talk to him. It was- it was *too late* by the time I was ready." Will couldn't contain his sobs anymore,

letting himself fall into Hannibal and weep for everything that could have been, but never was.

"It's alright darling, let it out. Cry now, let yourself feel it. I'm here." Hannibal let Will cry into him with everything he had.

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An hour later, when Will was all cried-out and his perishables had gone bad on the counter, Hannibal helped Will to stand up. The paper had thawed in the heat of the room, and dried in Will's fist. Will walked to the mantle, eyes red and swollen but resolute. He grabbed hold of one of his lighters, a plain white Bic lighter.

"I think I'm ready to let him go, he's been frozen long enough, you know?" Will croaked, flicking on the lighter.

"If you're ready, Will."

Will closed his eyes, mouthing a silent goodbye to his father. When his eyes opened, he lit the scrap of paper on fire, placing it in the fireplace to smolder.

He held Hannibal's hand as the flame began to dwindle, the weight of his grief easing ever slightly from his shoulders.

End Notes

y'know, they lit my father on fire much sooner after he died - will needs to get on my LEVEL (i'm kiding i do not have fictional dead dad club beef with this man that i've partially freestyled) thank you for reading my darlings, hope to see you in another witchy story soon <3 join me on tumblr if you want to be friends !! https://www.tumblr.com/evilertoki

love you cuties !!
xoxo Roz (they/he/she/it)

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